

200 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE TEIPSUM*
! [sf^S

For though the Soul do seem her grave to
bear, And in this world is almost buried
quick ! We have no cause the Body's
death to fear, " For when the shell is
broke* out comes a chick! **

For as the Soul's *essential* Powers are three,
Three ^e Quick'ning Power, the Power
of Sense, and
knds of Reason;
answerable Three kinds of Life to her designed
be !
p°owe^{er}l^hof^{ee} Which perfect these three Powers,
in their due
the Soui. season*

The first Life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where She her Nursing Power doth
only use ; Where, when She finds
defect of nourishment, Sh' expels her
body_s and this world She views.

This, we call Birth ! but if the child could
speak, He, Death would call it! and of
Nature, 'plain That She should thrust him
out naked and weak! And in his passage,
pinch him with such pain 1

Yet, out he comes ! and in this world is placed,
Where all his Senses in perfection be !
Where he finds flowers to smell, and fruits
to taste, And sounds to hear, and sundry
forms to see.

When he hath passed some time upon this Stage,
His Reason, then, a little seems to wake !
Which though She spring, when Sense doth
fade with
age, Yet can She here, no perfect
practice mak;e!

Then doth th' aspiring Soul, the Body leave!
Which we call Death, But were it known
to all,, What Life our Souls do, by this
death_s receive j . Men wotild it, Birth / or
Gaul Delivery / **call**.